

DROMIO CROOKS' GAME IS UP.

MIKE AND JIM TEELING, TWINS, ARE ALIKE AS TWO PEAS.

Berillon Measurements the Same and Tattoos Marks and Fake Scars Identical—Resemblance Long Helped 'Em to Dodge Justice, but It's Known Now.

Mike and Jim Teeling, twins, like as two peas, hold-up men, second story workers, pickpockets, panhandlers and all-around crooks uncommonly clever, are earnestly sought by heads of the New Jersey Reformatory at Rahway and the Middlesex county jail at New Brunswick.

In Jim neither the flesh nor the spirit hungered for reform, so he broke his parole, upon which he was released from the reformatory a month ago, and coveted an overcoat belonging to a trustful employer whom the reformatory had found for him. He took overcoat and crooks' leave at the same time.

A too intimate knowledge of the weaknesses of the Middlesex jail and the habits of Sheriff Carman have got Mike into the worst mess of his crooked life and that means a good deal if the police records of Jersey towns are to be believed. While the Sheriff was dining comfortably, a week ago, Mike saw his way through the roof of the jail and skipped to find brother Jim.

To their natural gifts of similarity of form and face, voice and tone, little tricks of hand and foot, the twin Teelings added acquired cleverness which gave the Jersey police no end of puzzle and worry.

In more than one instance when Jim was wanted for burglary or grafting it was Mike that put himself in the way of detectives, deceiving them just long enough to enable Jim to get away. Or, when Mike had turned a trick and was needed for the good of the State it was Brother Jim, exact size, face, marks, scars, complexion and all that let himself be taken and held without a word of protest until he was sure Brother Mike was away clear.

In such places across the river as crooks forage for this amusing trick of the twin Teelings was a staple for jokes and all in all they didn't have much love for the Brothers Teeling. But the very things that made for the safety of the crooked twins are pretty certain to be the cause of their present undoing. The old game has been worked out.

Largely through the efforts of Edward H. Swartz, assistant superintendent of the New Jersey Reformatory at Rahway, the police in every town for a hundred miles around have got even the eyelashes of the twins numbered. They know Mike to his every wrinkle and Jim to his every hair. His thumb nail, like as they are every significant point of difference has been marked, measured, compared and tabbed. If Jim is wanted and Mike is caught, Mike will suffer for his own sins but the hunt for Jim won't slacken any.

The twin Teelings are 34 years old and claim Elizabeth N. Y. Mike weighs 181 pounds, has dark brown hair, blue eyes and a sandy complexion. That is Jim exactly. Mike is covered with tattoo marks from head to foot, and for every design Mike wears, Tim has his like. On the breast of each, worked by some tattooist of a scriptural turn of mind, is a biblical scene with clouds and lightning over all. Jim Teeling once said that when he let himself be tattooed with that picture he made the mistake of his life.

"No good can come out of a crook's life," up with Bible things," he told the warden at Rahway.

On his breast each wears an anchor and shield and an eagle and shield. The American flag is on Jim's back and on Mike's in precisely the same relative position. Their legs and lower arms are covered with arrowheads, clasped hands, crosses, hearts, stars and wonderful snakes and dragons. Even exact Berillon measurements failed to differentiate in the smallest degree the tattoo marks of each in size, coloring and placing. That was part of the clever game.

But their face scars were their keenest stroke. Each has four made with acid in the beggar's way for a beggar's profit, but for the beggar's loss. The scars are on the back of the left arm of each are two of these false scars, each scar an inch and a half long and oval in shape, a dull, angry red in color and the same on each of the same on his right ankle. It took the police several years to find out where the difference lay, and it was Superintendent and Berillon, Expert Schwartz, whose sharp eye spotted that difference.

Jim first manufactured his scars before having a tattoo mark placed over them. Mike was tattooed before touching himself up with acid. Save for this difference, and the fact that the corner of Jim's right eye is shaped differently from Mike's and that the lobes of Mike's ears are fuller and larger than Jim's, the twin Teelings are exactly alike.

These trivial differences, which will probably put an end to the professional labors of the twins, were discovered about three weeks ago. Jim had broken his parole and was wanted by the reformatory authorities. The police of Elizabeth arrested a man on the street that was Jim they were positive. They sent for Expert Schwartz to come over from the Rahway reformatory.

Schwartz came and at first was puzzled. But he had Jim's measurements with him, and while his and those of the man arrested were singularly alike, yet the difference of the corner of the eye and the lobes of the ears struck him at once. It was only a difference of the tiniest fraction of an inch, but it was as much for an expert as an inch would have been.

Schwartz went over the prisoner and the discovery that he had been tattooed over his false scars, whereas Jim had faked scars over his tattoo marks. That settled it for Schwartz, and although the prisoner insisted he was Jim, and the police were disposed to accept his statement, Schwartz would have none of him.

But the reformatory man happened to remember that Mike Teeling had broken out of the Middlesex county jail at New Brunswick eighteen months ago and had never been caught. He sent for the warden, Sheriff Carman, who received him joyfully. The Sheriff's joy didn't last long. Mike knew the jail too well. Last Friday night while the Sheriff was eating dinner Mike saw his way out once more.

"In all my experience with crooks," said Mr. Schwartz yesterday, "I never ran across such a singular case of likeness between two men. Twins are usually close in resemblance, but these fellows beat anything I ever saw. Except for the variation in eye and ear and the scars and tattooing there is not an iota of difference. It's impossible for two men to be absolutely alike, but these fellows come as near it as anything you could imagine."

"They have delayed and escaped punishment in a number of instances because they took advantage of this similarity and supplemented it by tattooing, making false scars and practicing the same tricks of gesture and expression. Both would have made very clever actors."

"It must have required a lot of patience and time for them to get themselves tattooed in precisely the same way. They have a lot of affection for each other and they have taken long chances to help the other out. In fact that has been their game all through. But I believe I have put an end to that. I am confident that both will be caught soon, and when they get out of prison further mystification of the police will be impossible."

Juror Kills Himself in a Court House.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Oct. 20.—William F. Ploetner, 48 years old, a well-to-do citizen of Lymanville, who was in attendance upon the Providence County Court as a juror, shot himself in the head with a revolver at the court house this morning, and died almost immediately. Despondency, due to nervousness and ill health, was generally assigned as the cause.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

Few persons have any idea of the rigor of extreme to which surgeons carry the antiseptic idea nowadays. Here is an illustration:

At an operation in one of the city hospitals a few days ago one of the assistants discovered that something was needed from outside after he had disinfecting his hands. He stood on one foot and pushed the electric button with the toe of his other shoe rather than take the risk of picking up bacteria by touching it with his finger.

A man well advanced in years is almost a daily visitor to Central Park. He is generally accompanied by a young woman. Some of the Park employees who observed the two thought they were father and daughter.

After a while it was noticed that a different young woman appeared with the man about every two weeks. It was not possible that any man could have so many daughters. A person of an inquisitive turn of mind constituted himself an investigator.

The old man is a person of means and he pays 50 cents an hour for the society of any young woman of education who is willing to accompany him and entertain him on his rambles through the Park with bright conversation on any topic, but love. As they pass about six hours a day in the Park the girl earns \$3 a day just by talking. The different objects in the Park evidently supply the themes of discourse.

Why the man changes his escort every two weeks remains a mystery. Perhaps a young woman talks herself in to the time. Maybe he thinks it best to take no chances.

"Partridge shooting in the Adirondacks has not been so good in many years as it is this season," said a sportsman just back from the woods. "Flocks of from four to a dozen birds are to be met in almost every swamp near the settled parts of the mountains. Few are put up in the big timber."

Early in the season the partridges fed on locusts along the edges of the swamps and on the hillsides. When the frost opened the beechnut burrs the birds took to the hardwood thickets. They were frequently seen in the roads by persons in passing carriages and on the approach of the vehicle would simply run to one side and hide in the brake.

There have been very little partridge shooting around Saratoga Junction in the last two years. The birds had seemed almost exterminated. The natives say the abundance of the partridges of the early days of the North Woods. The great increase is supposed to be due to the law passed two years ago prohibiting the killing of the bird for market.

"Maintain a pleasant expression while you are getting shaved," remarked the barber, who had caught the customer scowling under the coating of lather. "It keeps the skin relaxed and makes it easier to shave a tough and stubby growth. If the razor pulls, say so at once, do not get angry and wrinkle the skin by frowning. Under the razor, just as before the camera, to get the best results the customer must look pleasant."

New Yorkers just pride themselves on the completeness of their telephone and telegraph service in these days. All the same there was a very efficient means of communication between the early Dutch settlers before the year 1700. It might be called the first wireless system used in America, though there was no electricity about it and the poles were common Dutch windmills.

The windmill appeared in America almost as soon as the Dutch set foot on Manhattan Island. In a few years there was such a number of these windmills that they were called the "windmills of the island." When the windmills were not running their owners used them to pump water out of the swamps and to pump the water into the city. The windmills were used to pump the water into the city.

When the sails were set square, with one arm pointing to the earth and one to the sky, it meant a hostile invasion. The same signal with the upper half of the mill door open heralded a peaceful arrival, and when the door was closed it meant a retreat. The signals could be read a long way off, and by being repeated on each mill a message could be sent throughout the island in a very short time.

"Ever noticed that policemen, as a class, wear rings more than most men?" asked the observant citizen. "Well, they do, and the rings they wear are for the most part valuable ones, usually with diamonds for the stones. I don't know why this is unless it is that jewellers are glad to sell rings to members of the force on credit, feeling that they will always be able to get the rings back."

"But the rings are a fact. Look for yourself. The ring wearing habit has become a thing of the past. There ever was in the force. Plain patrolmen often wear rings worth \$200 or \$300. Sergeants own rings worth twice as much."

In defense of their jewelry the policemen say that it is really an investment. Diamonds are constantly advancing in value, so they can always get the worth of a ring if they choose to sell it.

For the next week or two the foliage at Inwood, at the extreme northern end of Manhattan Island, will be as glorious as in any mountain region. The town of Wood Valley is thickly wooded and its spots is almost wild. In the deepest part of the valley are the remains of the caves around which the Indian village of Nipisnack was situated.

It is on Inwood Heights, the rounded hill that rises 20 feet from the water and is plainly visible from the New York Central station at Spuyten Duyvil, that the splendor of the foliage are greatest. The summit of the hill is covered with a fine stretch of woodland in exactly the same state as it was two centuries ago. Even on Sunday afternoons very few people climb the hill. Besides the leaves of the chestnut, tulip, oak and other trees, which have turned many colors, there is a wealth of burning red sumacs and a large number of golden aspens.

The sun is setting over the Palisades and the Hall of Fame across the Harlem valley is partly hidden by the autumn haze. It is a worth a trip from downtown to spend half an hour among the Inwood trees.

"A horse knows the water troughs along its route as well as a toper does the saloons," observed a Speedway driver. "As the horse draws near to a trough it will cock its ears and assume an expectant air. In readiness for the tug of the reins to denote that there is a drink coming."

The driver, the horse advances with a nimble step to within the proper distance of the trough, then halts quickly and stands at ease until the driver loosens the check and it is at liberty to thrust its mouth into the water.

"A horse that is free from the check rein will put its nose at once into the water, but one that is checked is too intelligent to try to do this."

PUBLICATIONS.

NEW DIVORCE CANON ADOPTED

HOUSE OF DEPUTIES PASSES A LIBERAL MEASURE.

House of Bishops of the Episcopal Convention Likely to Concur—Canon Permits the Remarriage of Innocent Divorced Persons Under Certain Conditions.

Boston, Oct. 20.—By an overwhelming majority the compromise report of the committee on canons in relation to the question of marriage and divorce was adopted by the House of Deputies of the Episcopal General Convention to-day. If the House of Bishops concur, which is more than probable, the question will be settled for at least three years.

The new canon is far less rigorous than that adopted by the House of Bishops, which was turned down by the House of Deputies, in that it provides for the remarriage of the innocent party in a divorce for the cause of adultery, just as the present canon does. It adds to the present canon, however, clauses stipulating that at least one year must elapse before marriage is asked for, and that satisfactory proof of innocence in the shape of court records must be submitted, and that after the Bishop has granted permission to perform the ceremony the minister may refuse to perform it without subjecting himself to any censure or discipline.

There are several other minor amendments to the present canon having reference to the presence of witnesses and the recording of the marriage.

The Rev. George M. Fluke of Providence, the dissenting member of the committee, supported the "rigid" canon. When Dr. Fluke said that the house already had morally adopted the canon, there were cries of "No!" "No!" from the floor. Dr. Fluke, who said he never had married a divorced person in his life, that Dr. Fluke had no right to imply that the house was morally in favor of the change, and the Rhode Island deputy withdrew the remark.

John Y. Hicks of Arkansas criticized the new canon on the ground that it came very near to the dispensation issued by the Roman Catholic Church, to which he said it was a first cousin. To this statement there were murmurs of disapproval from all over the house. He thought the conditions of the canon came dangerously near the line, however.

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NON-UNION MEN ASSAULTED.

One of Them Had a Gun and He Shot One of the Assaulters in the Neck.

OLEAN, N. Y., Oct. 20.—In a clash between non-union and union glass workers in the little village of Ceres, ten miles from this city, last night, Fred Manning, a union workman, was shot by Wesley Babcock, a non-union man. Five union men met four non-union men, Wesley Babcock, Albert Holding, Paul Maron and Edward Williams, and assaulted them as they were about to board a car for the Shingle House glass plant at midnight. Babcock was the only man armed, and he used his gun, the shot taking effect in Manning's neck. The wound is not serious. No arrests have been made.

Freight Train Burned in a Snowdrift.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 20.—A wreck occurred on the Central Pacific Railway near Ceres in the Sierra Nevada Mountains early this morning. A westbound passenger train ran into a freight in the snowdrift and set fire to the two trains. The passenger cars were saved but the freight train and 2,000 feet of the snowdrift were burned. Supt. R. J. Laws of the Sacramento division of the Southern Pacific, who was on the train, dropped dead while giving orders for clearing the wreck.

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